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TO THE MONEY-HOARDERS.

LETTER A.

*On the necessity of looking out
sharply until the Month of
May next.*

Uphusband, 8 Oct. 1822.

MY FRIENDS,

I, LAST YEAR, addressed several Letters to you, which, I hope and believe, had a very good effect. Every thing stated to you, in those Letters, as matter of expectation on my part, has, as far as there has been time for verification, been verified. I have the pleasure to know, that my efforts have placed many persons, many worthy families, in a state of *safety*, in a state where they are safe from utter ruin. This knowledge

I do not derive from mere report or from general observation and reasoning; but, from the express declarations of the parties themselves, made to me, either *in person* or by *letter*. During the last year, I have had many men come to me for the express purpose of *thanking me for having saved them from ruin*; and, which has given me peculiar pleasure, several of these men have been accompanied with *their wives*. Women are more ardent in their feelings, more unqualifying in their expressions; and, almost any Englishman I may safely leave to estimate the gratification I must have experienced at hearing from the lips of mothers of families, that I, whom they had never seen before, had been *the preserver of them and their children*. What, when set against

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this, are all the persecutions and losses that I have had to endure! What are two years' imprisonment, a thousand pounds fine to the King, and bail for *seven years* in bonds to the amount of *five thousand pounds*! What is the cost and danger of the exile in Long Island and of two voyages across the Atlantic! Where are now Gibbs, Ellenborough, Grose, Le Blanc and Bayley! Where are Castlereagh and his Six-Acts; and where are Sidmouth and his Circular! One single grateful mother, who tells me that I have preserved her children, makes all these seem in my eyes no more than chaff before the wind.

But, there is yet a great deal to do. Of *millions* those that I have been able to enlighten as to their interests, form but a small portion indeed. The men who govern us have, by their several contrivances of stamps and securities and licences on presses, and by their regulations as to the bulk and price of printed things; by their

several penalties, and by their innumerable checks, ³³in the circulation of publications containing truths which they do not like to have circulated: by these means the men who govern us have prevented many thousands upon thousands of persons from being preserved, who would otherwise have been preserved. At the same time, there has been a hireling and corrupt press, constantly at work to delude the people on to their own ruin. The conductors of this press are, perhaps, a set of the most profligate and cruel miscreants, that ever were suffered to infest the earth. They pursue their own gain, without the smallest regard to the falsehoods they utter; without the smallest portion of remorse as to the miseries they occasion. Their simple object is to get their hire; and if they cause the destruction of as large a part of the people as contain blood enough to make the gutters of the streets run with blood, they think no more of it than they do of causing the death of so many

flies. They have no feelings in common with the people at large. They are of no country, of no sect of religion, of no community or society; but are of themselves, and care about nobody but themselves. They are attached to no principles; they have about them none of those attachments of opinion that other men have; like the *dock*, the *thistle*, or the *colt's-foot*, they seem to be sent for the purpose of cursing all that grows and lives around them. Besides these hireling villains, there is a sort of secondary set, that are not absolutely hired, so much money for so much villany; but who find it more profitable to abstain from promulgating truth than to pursue the opposite course. I do not call them dishonest men; but they are men, nevertheless, that prefer their immediate interest to their duty towards their country. They do not always see the mischief that they are doing; but it is impossible not to perceive that they prefer a secure gain by delusion to the risk of loss by honestly pro-

mulgating the truth. These men are, as *my present situation amply demonstrates*, deceived in their calculations; for, never had the Register (except when it was in some sort given away) any thing like the circulation which it has at present; while the Statesman newspaper, with which I am well known to be connected, actually rises in sale, at this dullest season of the year, when every other paper in London is falling, and when several of them are actually about to be given up, or to be spliced together, or otherwise managed so as to *shift the titles*, and cause the same print to serve for two or more papers!

This marked success of an adherence to duty towards the country; of perseverance in the right path, not only at the risk of immediate loss, but with a certainty of such loss; this success, might be an encouragement to others to pursue the same course. But, men are so prone to seek their immediate advantage that it is not to be wondered at that they do do it.

And thus it is, that, besides the hired, the deadly, and bloody part of the press, so large a portion of it should be devoted to the circulation of falsehood rather than of truth. The nation has, for a long while, been in a disposition like that of the Jews, when they said to their prophets, "prophecy to us *smooth things*, prophecy to us *lies*." It has been more profitable, therefore, to put forth lies than to put forth truth. The nature of the circumstances in which the nation has been a long time placed has been such, that the people in general could not rely upon their own judgment. In circumstances, the like of which have frequently happened in the history of nations, the people have *experience* for their guide. What a man has not actually seen himself, his father or grandfather has seen. He inherits the knowledge which the emergency requires. But, by the wild works of our statesmen, we have been placed in circumstances wholly new; such as never existed before in the world. The

people, therefore, have been almost wholly under the influence of the press; and that press being almost wholly what I have described it to be, where is the wonder that we should see even men of sense, push on to their ruin with as much eagerness as if they were in pursuit of every thing dear to them on earth?

Small, therefore, comparatively, is the number who have really profited from my efforts, strenuous as those efforts have been, and long as they have been continued. Some, however, have profited from them; and, while this gives me great satisfaction in the present, it is an encouragement to proceed on in the hope of effecting future benefit.

There are many persons who are somewhat upon their guard; who do expect that something will happen that will make every thing, except *gold* and *silver*, an insecure possession. These persons are upon the watch with regard to the *funds*. Some of them have placed their money in the hands of cour-

try bankers. They think, that they know their men; and that, in case of alarm; or, rather, in case of their perceiving danger, they can draw their money out and place it in gold.

Let me reason a little with persons of this description. They get, probably, from two to four per cent. interest for their money. This is their *gain*; and now let us see what *risks* they run. In the first place, country bankers are not gods; they are not even heathen gods. They are nothing but men; and they are men that sometimes *break*; and what is more, they sometimes break and are very honest men, too. I remember that Mr. Minchin at Gosport told me that a banker that became bankrupt *must be a rogue*. Other people, he said, might have unexpected losses in their business; but, a banker necessarily knew what paper he had out, and what means he had of meeting it; and therefore, if he put out paper beyond those means, he must be a wilful rogue. I questioned the

truth of his doctrine; and told him that I looked upon it as a trade like other trades; that I did not believe that the bankers knew what they had out or what they had in; and that they might become bankrupts with as little roguery as anybody else; an opinion which, I dare say, Mr. Minchin now looks upon as being perfectly correct, seeing that he and his partner-bankers have since become bankrupts, and that, too, to an extent which the newspapers told us was such, that it produced, throughout Hampshire an effect such as might be expected to arise from there being, at one and the same time, *a dead corpse lying in every third house in the county*.

Bankers do, then, break. They are not solid as the earth on which we tread. In short, it requires little more than plain common sense to perceive, that their trade is one of greater risk, and much greater risk, than any other. We cannot, then, know our men in the banking sense of the word,

Our own brother, whom we may know to be as honest as ourselves, and to love us as a brother ought, is not to be implicitly relied on in such a case, because he is placed in circumstances which he cannot, frequently controul; in circumstances, in which he frequently brings his own wife and children to beggary. All paper-money is a false thing; that is to say, it has nothing of value in itself. It is not good under *all circumstances*. It rests upon opinion; and only upon opinion. Flung down in the dirt, and with the letters effaced, it is not worth a straw. The gold or silver coin is always the same thing. The banker's trade, therefore, must always partake of the nature of the paper; and the persons concerned in it may become the ruiners of all that confide in them, and yet they may, at the bottom, be honest men.

But, of far more consequence than this, as to our present view of the matter, are the acts and proceedings of the *Government* affecting the property in the hands of bankers. It is impossible to look at the situation of the country at this moment, without being convinced, that, when once the Parliament shall meet again, it never can separate without taking some *decided step* with regard to the

money affairs of the country. But, at any rate, it is certain, that it will make some great alteration or that it will not. To make the matter more simple, let me state, that it will either, repeal Peel's Bill, or that it will not; and then I have to say, that, in both cases, the property in the hands of country bankers will be equally insecure, unless those bankers give up their business before the next month of May.

By *repealing* Peel's Bill I do not mean a repeal in *name*. It may be repealed in *effect*, and not in name. The law that repeals it may not be *called* a repeal of the bill, and it may wholly set that bill aside. If this should be done, see what a situation the persons will be in, who have deposited their money with country bankers. Here am I with a hundred pounds. These are, at this time, a hundred sovereigns; and these will buy about *five hundred* bushels of wheat. Peel's Bill is done away with. I have my hundred pounds at the banker's; and they will not buy, perhaps, *one hundred and fifty* bushels of wheat; nay, my opinion is, that, in one week after the repeal, they would not buy *fifty* bushels of wheat; because, I think that there would be *two prices*, a gold price

and a paper price; and that these would very soon be as twenty or fifty for one.

The banker, you will perceive, would not be compelled to pay me in gold. Nay, he *could* not; for nobody would pay him in gold. I must take paper-money or nothing. But, some one will say, cannot I *see* when the Bill of Peel is *about to be repealed*? In the first place I do not know that this would be of any *use* to me, any more than it is to a man to *see* when he is going to be hanged. Money is hardly *lent* to bankers with the power reserved of drawing it out at a *moment's* warning; and, remember, it does not require *many* moments to pass a bill! An act was passed, last Session, *to take away the Trial by Jury* in certain parts of Ireland, and the whole of the time that it took in passing was, I think, less than forty-eight hours. A bill was passed, with *equal rapidity*, in 1819, for protecting the Bank against demands of payment of their small notes in gold and silver. And, pray, bear in mind, that things of this sort can be done *without any bill at all*, though the *Parliament be sitting at the same time*! Remember, that, until February 1797, the *law* compelled the Bank to pay all its notes

in *gold*; and that, one fine morning, when no human being suspected any such a thing, a notice was stuck up at the Bank, that the *King's Council* had *ordered*, that the Bank should *not pay in gold*!

Now, it is foolishness, it is beastliness, to affect to believe, that the like will never be done *again*! To be sure, the like *may* not be done again, and *I hope* it will not; but, what are mere possibilities and hopes, in a case where a man's fortune is at stake? In a case where, on his acting, or not acting, it depends whether he shall live at his ease, or be a beggar?

There is, therefore, *no certainty*. There can, in case of any measure to nullify Peel's Bill, be little or no *notice* given. It would be the bounden duty of the Government to strike the whole of the blow at once, and to strike it *suddenly*, if at all; for, to act otherwise would be to give the *cunning* the *advantage over the unwary*, which would be not only a piece of downright villainy, but would be greatly injurious to the Government itself in more ways than one.

In the other case; that is to say, in case Peel's Bill remain unimpaired, what will be the situation of the country banker who keeps on his trade after the *first of next*

May? He must have *gold* to meet every demand equal to the amount of the notes that he has out. If there be a run upon him, it will not be, as it is *now*, a run for *Bank of England paper*; but a run for *gold*; and, not for *bars* of gold, but for gold coin. It does not depend upon this banker, or that banker, whether he shall have a run or not: it depends upon *neighbouring bankers* as well as upon himself. The *breaking* of one makes a *run upon all*. And, in cases of emergency, it will not be, as it is now, a sending off post to London for a supply of *paper-money*; but, a sending off for *gold-money*. This adds greatly, and very greatly, to your risk, if you have money lodged with country bankers.

It is clear, that these *probable* demands for gold must compel the Bank of England to get more gold, and to lessen the quantity of its paper. Indeed the demands for gold are not *probable*, but *certain*. A *forgery* in any neighbourhood; the *breaking of a banker*, though three hundred miles off, will cause a demand for gold, more or less, in all parts of the kingdom. Any *alarm*, no matter of what nature. A considerable *riot* amongst labourers. A petitioning from several of the

counties for a *reduction of the interest on the funds*. Any thing which, even by bare *possibility*, may lead to a change in the nature of paper securities, will create a demand for gold in exchange for paper. A *motion in the Parliament* aiming at some measure of change as to the money system. Any little thing, no matter what, which shall seem to indicate that Peel's Bill is about to be changed, will cause a *push for gold*; seeing that any thing to shake that bill gives to each sovereign in gold an instantaneously additional value.

It is impossible to think of these things, all of which *may* and some of which *must* take place, without perceiving, that, as we approach the first of May, there will be an *increased demand for gold*. The Bank of England, as well as the country banks, must, therefore, provide themselves with more gold than they have now, and take in paper, not to the *same amount* as they get gold, but to a *greater amount*; because the gold, which they must get, will not come to them from the clouds or out of the ground; but will come from *other nations*. Bringing it from other nations will *raise its price there*; and we must lessen our quantity of paper in a *greater degree than we add to the quantity of our gold*,

or else the gold will *go away again*. We must lessen the quantity of our paper, till our currency, *taken as a whole*, is as high in value as the currency abroad, taken as a whole; or else the gold will *go away again*, and our whole system of paper is *blown up*!

The currency of England is not *now*, taken as a whole, so high in value as that of France, pound for pound. If I am asked, why, then, does not the gold *go away now*, I answer, that, in the law of *legal tender* there is now a *force* at work that *confines our gold currency nearly to London*. There, indeed, our currency is equal in value to that of France, for instance; but, this is not the case with all the currency of the kingdom. It will, perhaps, require *some time*, and some *new circumstances*, to compel us to reduce our whole quantity of money in such a degree as to make the *gold go away* unless we bring our currency to the full value of that of France. But, sooner or later, this will be done; and, in the meanwhile, it will be done *in part*. If this were wholly done, it would bring down wheat, on an average of years, to about *three shillings a bushel*; and if done only in part; if only done in that degree, which I deem absolutely

necessary to support gold payments at all, it will, to a certainty, bring wheat down to four shillings a bushel or less on an average of years.

Unless, therefore, I am wholly wrong as to this matter, how are *sixty millions* a-year of taxes to be paid in a country which found itself by no means overburdened with prosperity in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety, when it had less than thirteen millions a-year of taxes to pay? It is clear that this system of taxing cannot, even with wheat at six or seven or eight shillings a bushel, continue for any length of time. It is clear that the estates must pass away out of the hands of the present possessors. The capital of the present race of farmers will, indeed, for the far greater part, be sucked up by the landlords and the parsons. But this will, in general, be accomplished long before we see two more harvests; and there is not *another race* of farmers to succeed. The tradesmen, generally speaking, are in a situation very little better than that of the farmers. Those who labour in no sort of way are so numerous and receive so large a portion of the fruits of productive labour, that, the community will be shortly

wholly put out of joint. Some measures *must be adopted* to change greatly this state of things, or, a dreadful convulsion must be the consequence. The Ministers are deeply pledged to the system as it is now going on. Great must be their mortification and humiliation at being compelled to abandon it; but abandoned it *must be*; or confusion will follow; and, obstinate as men may be, when such an alternative is presented to them in its naked and hideous form, they generally contrive, some how or other, to get rid of their obstinacy.

Now, *how is the system to be changed?* Whatever name the measure may assume, it must include *a large reduction of taxation*; and that must produce a large reduction of the interest of the debt. Indeed, to call for the former without the latter is to be more unreasonable than the taskmasters of Egypt; for bricks *may* be made without straw; but debt cannot be paid without something to pay it with. It is impossible that the next Session should pass, without some *proposition* at least for the adoption of some measure of this kind; and, remember, that, the moment that that proposition is made, even if there be but few to support it, a blow is

given to funds, to banks, to every thing at all connected with the paper-money system; and, one of the immediate consequences is, an universal seeking after *gold*.

In this state of things, am I to expect my hundred sovereigns from the country banker? I should as soon expect to get a hundred eyes out of his head. I have no question of his honesty. He may be my brother or my father; but he will no more have gold to give me in the shape of coin, than he will have real suns and moons to give me taken down from the firmament.

Thus, on either supposition, to place out money in this sort of way is an act of unpardonable imprudence. If I am asked, what I could do with a hundred pounds, at this moment, I say, keep it in gold. If I lay it out on land, I cannot get so much land for it, as I should be able to get when lands have come down to a quarter part their present rent. When they have come down to the *rent* of 1790, they will come down to the *prices* of 1790, which was much about a third of their present prices. To suppose that the *present rents* will be paid with the *present prices*, is not miscalculation, is not an erroneous view of the matter; it is downright stark-

staring madness ; madness not less complete than the two men in Don Quixote, one of whom said, that, being APOLLO, he would set the city of *Seville* on fire, while the other, who said he was NEPTUNE, declared he would extinguish the flames.

I have not the smallest doubt that a hundred acres of tolerable good land, with a sufficient house and buildings upon it, will be again to be bought for five or six hundred pounds, if the gold payments be persevered in ; and persevered in I think they must. It is very well worth while then to forego the interest for a little while for the sake of adding three or four-fold to the purchasing capacity of the capital. Let any man look at the present state of things. Corn and meat are come down to the prices of 1790 ; and, must not rents and purchase-money of land come down to the standard of 1790 also ? I would fain see the man, out of a mad-house, and walking about without a keeper, who could tell me that he believes the contrary.

If, contrary to my expectation, Peel's Bill were to be nullified, and the flood-gates of paper were to be opened again ; still to keep the gold would be the adviseable measure ; for then, in all human

probability, a pound in gold would soon be worth fifty pounds in paper. We are in the midst of every thing that is uncertain, as far as depends upon measures to be adopted by the Government and Parliament. They may make wheat worth three shillings, and less than three shillings, a bushel, and they may make it worth fifty or a hundred shillings a bushel ; and either of these they may do, too, with the most anxious desire to do that which is for the best. There are so many difficulties presenting themselves, let the Government turn itself which way it will, that it is impossible for any man to say that he has any fixed opinion as to what it will do, or attempt to do. The winds, the waves, the clouds, nothing can be more uncertain, than the measures to which we have to look forward. Nothing can be said to have any prospective value, gold and silver only excepted. No man can tell, or even guess, at what will be the rent, or what the price of land itself, things hitherto deemed so settled and so certain. The precious metals, the value of which is recognised by *all nations*, are the only things of certain value in this country ; and that, only because it is impossible that their value should be affected by any

thing that our Government can do or can leave undone! This is a strange thing to say; but, as every man of sense must acknowledge, strange as it is, it is undeniably true.

I cannot conclude this Letter in a manner better calculated to produce impression on my readers, than by inserting the following article from the last Hampshire newspaper, and by offering you a few remarks upon it. “ Extract
“ of a letter from Crawley, in
“ Sussex, October 2, 1822:—I
“ am just returned from the sale
“ of D.’s effects, a few miles from
“ hence. Horses, cows, sheep,
“ farming tackle, furniture, almost
“ every thing, was sold for an old
“ song.—D. entered upon his farm
“ in the year 1810, having pur-
“ chased the freehold for 20,500*l.*
“ —mortgaging it, however, at
“ the same time for 11,000*l.*
“ *Three years ago* things went so
“ bad with him that the mortgage-
“ money was called in, and the
“ farm was sold at Garraway’s
“ for 10,870*l.*, which was consi-
“ dered a great price. The pur-
“ chaser offered it to D. at an an-
“ nual rent of 300*l.*, which, as he
“ *had no other prospect*, he ac-
“ cepted, and now, such is the
“ state of the times, he is com-
“ pletely ruined, and even the bed

*upon which he lay is sold away
from him!* The farmers here-
abouts are in a terrible condi-
tion—what with rents, tithes,
and taxes, they will soon find
an end of their capital. Land-
lords boast of having reduced
their rents 25 per cent. but they
seem to forget that when things
were at the highest (wheat at
35*l.* to 45*l.* per load,) they
fixed the rents which they have
reduced 25 per cent.; and now
wheat is only 10*l.* to 12*l.* per
load. Besides, is not an income
of 15,000*l.* per annum much
better to a landholder now than
20,000*l.* during the war? At
the present price of produce to
pay the grower, rents must
come down one-half at least,
and so must tithes—the taxes
might be provided for if that
were done. A hop-grower, who
has upwards of 250 acres of hop
plantation in this county, de-
clared, at the last Lewes mar-
ket, that he had lost in the last
year upwards of 4000*l.*, and
that he expects to lose still more
this year.”

Pray look at this, you, who are keeping your farms *because you have nothing else to do!* If this man, three years ago, had taken the warning contained in my Letter to Tierney, he would not now

have had his *bed sold from under him!* Here is an example, here is what men have to expect, that remain in their farms because they do not know what to do! They can *keep their money*, can they not? They can live in a cottage upon fifty pounds a-year, or less, with as much ease surely as they can fling away three hundred pounds a-year in rent! However, I am quite convinced, that the far greater part of the present race of farmers will go on till they be totally ruined; and, the only consolation I have, is, to reflect that I have done every thing in my power to prevent that ruin.

WM. COBBETT.

POLITICAL CHARACTERS.

MR. CANNING.

THIS gentleman, who is now Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is not, whatever other disadvantages we may find him to labour under, cursed with any of those pretensions to *high blood*, by which pretensions so many others have been rendered objects of public scorn and contempt. In what state of life his father was I

have never heard. His mother appears to have married a Mr. HUNN after the death of his father; for we find her and a daughter of the same name in the Pension List of 1808, in these words:—"A pension, granted on the 20th May 1799, to WALTER BURROWS, Esq. in trust for MARY and MARIA HUNN, during their lives, and to the survivor of them."

Mr. Canning's age I do not know; but, he must be little short of fifty, if not rather older, seeing that he was a Member of Parliament in the early part of the Anti-Jacobin war, and has, for now upwards of twenty-two years, belonged to that "grave and reverend assembly," called the Privy Council. He was one of a little knot of youthful politicians, who were called "Mr. Pitt's young friends;" but he alone, of the whole bunch, seems to have been much of a favourite with Pitt, who very soon made him a sinecure placeman, under the name of *Receiver General of Alienation-Fines*, which has, from that day to this, given him a salary of 490*l.* a year. Having enjoyed this place now for nearly thirty years, he has, of course, received from this source, from twelve to fourteen thousand pounds; and it,

therefore, is a matter very little surprising that he should be so strenuous an advocate for the maintenance of the system, according to which and according to his own assertion during the last Session of Parliament, these, as he calls them, "*vested interests*," are equal, in point of title, to so many freehold estates; which, by-the-bye, is not so very false in point of fact, at this moment, when the fundholders, the "*Dead Weight*," and the rest of the tax-eaters have so large a claim upon the produce of freehold estates. He may possibly have kept it throughout his whole career of office and emolument, not so much for the *gain* as for the *principle* of the thing, and perhaps, too, from recollecting that Thomson the poet, Gibbon the historian, Adam Smith the economist, Dr. Johnson the moralist, Burke the politician, and that, in short, all the choice spirits of these latter times, had invariably been sinecure placemen, or pensioners.

In the year 1799, I think it was, he married a Miss Scott, whose sister, about the same time, was married to the then Marquis of Tichfield, now Duke of Portland. These ladies, who had very large fortunes, were the

daughters of a *General Scott*, of whom I have never heard any thing other than that he got his money in the East Indies. I saw Mrs. Canning not long after her marriage, and could easily believe, that her fortune, large as it was, had not gained her her husband; for, she was a very pretty, gentle and amiable woman. To be sure there did require something in personal merits to meet those of the husband; for he, according to my judgment, was the very handsomest man I ever saw in my life. Not a "*pretty man*," not a "*beauty*," not a doll-faced dandy; but, sufficiently tall, sufficiently stout, his limbs all at command, his step quick and firm, his voice sound and harmonious, his utterance quick and distinct, his emphasis strong without effort, his hair dark, his eyes bright without being *sharp*, and, what above all things I admire, a set of features every one of which performed its part in telling you what was passing in the mind.

How often have I, when reading his speeches; brought him back to my mind! In just about twenty-two years I have seen him but *twice*; once in 1817, and once lately. He is grown stouter, and somewhat stiffer in his movements; he has lost the hair on the

top of his head; but his eyes and all his features are nearly the same as ever; his voice is what it was; his habits of sobriety give him vigour, and, in all probability, will give him long life, which I am by no means disposed to regret, being certain, that it is now become impossible for him to do any considerable additional mischief to his country.

Which of two towns, in opposite directions, you shall arrive at, depends on which of two roads you turn your horse's head towards at starting. When we consider well the circumstances under which Mr. Canning started, we can by no means wonder that he took the road which he did take: it was the road to favour, the road to riches, the road to power; and, besides the enchanting prospects it held forth, it was also the smooth and safe road. To do him justice, it must be observed, that there was, besides the ordinary motives in such cases, quite enough to lead him into this road. There was the *fame* of PITT, which, though false, as events have proved, was dazzling; there was the *prosperity*, which, though equally false, was acknowledged even by Pitt's opponents; there was the *rage* of almost the whole nation against

"Jacobins and Levellers;" there was the *opprobrium* with which cunning old scoundrels had contrived to load every man that opposed the war; there was the *bloody deeds* of the French revolutionists, a design to imitate which these cunning villains had caused to be imputed to all those who sought redress of grievances at home; there was the *national jealousy* of the French, inspired by their early successes on the Continent; there was (all the real grounds of the contest being wholly overlooked) that *love of country*, which, without a thought as to the consequence, sought only the *triumph of England*. But, in the long course of this contest, there was plenty of time for observation and reflection; and these Mr. Canning appears never to have employed for the purpose of arriving at truth.

It is notorious, and it long has been notorious, that the war against France, or, rather, against the French people, was undertaken for the express purpose of preventing such a *reform* in England as would have greatly lessened the power and emoluments of the Aristocracy, by putting an end to the rotten boroughs. When PITT talked of the "*devouring lava* of the French revolution," he

meant the force of example in producing reform in England. All the outcries about the *Atheism* and about the other vagaries of the French, had the same object in view. Mr. Canning was not a man to remain long the *dupe* in a scene like this. He must, at the bottom of his heart, have despised the cant of Old Rose, who called upon the people to *pay taxes freely* in order to enable the Government to preserve to them "*the blessed comforts of religion*;" but, what are we, then, to think of him, who not only winked at imposture like this, but who, having had time to become thoroughly acquainted with all the motives, lent his aid, in the Anti-Jacobin newspaper, in the carrying on of that which it is impossible that he should not have despised? Words cannot express the contempt that he *must* have felt, for the Bowleses, the Giffords, and all that swarm of hypocritical or silly reptiles that inundated the country with their "loyal" and "pious" ravings at the period I am now speaking of. Yet, he could bring himself to be, in some sort, a fellow-worker with them, and that, too, in their deeds of calumny and persecution. He is himself *no canter*. You can see, that he, in his heart, detests the cant. His own views with re-

gard to all those measures which have been taken to change the character of the people are, you can see, sound and sensible. Hypocrisy is the opposite of his natural propensity. And yet, where is the man that has given such efficient support to the whole train of imposture?

When Pitt went out of office in 1801, Mr. Canning followed him. It is not an account of his *party* movements that I am writing; and, therefore, just observing, that, when Pitt put out Addington and came in again, in 1804, Mr. Canning came, for the first time, into the Cabinet, in the office that he now fills; that after Pitt's death, he was in what they call the Opposition; that he came into his office again in the No-Popery ministry, in 1807; that, at the death of the Duke of Portland and the elevation of Perceval, he went out, having at the same time, his quarrel and duel with Castle-reagh, that, since that time he has been ambassador in Portugal, and lately President of the Board of Controul; just noticing these things, in order to fill up the chasm, I now come to speak of his *talents*, and of what we have, in the present state of things, to *expect from him*.

His talents are certainly great.

He is a correct, a clear and elegant writer; an acute reasoner; has, in speaking, a perfect command of words, and may be said to be truly eloquent. But, great as these talents are, much as there is in them for a man to be proud of, they are not *all* that are required in a statesman, and particularly in a statesman of the present day, who ought to have great *knowledge*, and knowledge of a kind, too, which, if Mr. Canning possess it, has not, in his acts, yet made its appearance. I am very sure, that we shall never see from his pen state-papers in that disgraceful jargon which invariably characterized the productions of the poor, crazy, blundering, bubbling thing that he has succeeded; but, the truth is, there are now *no state-papers wanted* for the service of this country. A man who should be able to unravel all the intrigues, to dive into all the motives, to come at all the secrets of all the Ministers in Europe and those of all their mistresses into the bargain, would not be of the smallest use to this country at this time. That man must be blind indeed, who does not see, that a *very great change* must take place at *home*, before we can ever again take part, or, indeed, have any definable interest,

in any thing that can take place *abroad*.

The ostensible office, therefore, of Mr. Canning, if the receiving and the sending of despatches prevent it from being absolutely a sinecure, is of no sort of consequence to the country. It is a proposer, a supporter, or an opposer, of *domestic measures* that he has now to appear and to act; and this will be found to be as difficult a part as man ever had to act in this world. He has manifestly always aimed at being *the Minister*. I would fain, for the honour of talent, not believe, that *money* has ever been a *great* object with him; though, how to reconcile a resistance of this belief with his acceptance of the embassy to Portugal, of the office of President of the Board of Control, and of that of Governor General, I really do not know. The last, which necessarily implied a sort of *exile*, was perfectly dreadful. One would naturally have expected to see him turn the grounds of Gloucester Lodge into a cabbage and carrot garden, and to send the produce to market, aye, and keep the stall himself, rather than be *sent out to India!* However, going to India would have been *being out of sight*. Playing the underling at a dis-

tance is a very different thing from playing the underling in the *House of Commons*, constantly under the eye of the public and sitting face to face with enough of those who will be ready and willing to make him feel the precise nature of his situation. Here, he must be the *Minister*, or he must be degraded indeed. And for this post, at this time, he is, in my opinion, peculiarly unfit.

If the reader have paid attention to the public efforts of Mr. Canning, he will find, that those efforts have had but one principal object in view; namely, to *prevent any change in the system*, by which the country has been governed for many years past. This is *all*, which he, as a statesman, appears to have thought worthy of his serious attention. Whether at Liverpool or in the House of Commons; whether the immediate subject of discussion relate to a state of war or of peace; whatever he has to take a view of, we always find him, first or last, introducing the absolute necessity of *preserving things as they are*. This anxiety to *prevent change* seems to have taken root in his mind from his very first appearance in public life; and, having seen the Government over-set in France by the means of

revolt, he has never apprehended danger in any other shape. He never looked at the cause of the revolt in France: never perceived that that must have had cause as well as every thing else; or, if he did advert at all to that cause, he gladly took upon trust the assertions of those who ascribed the revolt to seditious and blasphemous writings, false and stupid as those assertions were.

Thus he has always gone fighting against *revolution*, and never dreaming that his efforts were themselves to produce revolution. If he had taken time to reflect, that it was *Debt* and *Taxation* that produced the revolt in France, he would have been cautious how he augmented Debt and Taxation here. Not only did he not reflect on this, but, every thing which he heard from our "*financiers*" induced him to laugh, to treat with perfect scorn, all idea of danger from this source; nay, he has always deemed matters of this sort as being of so little importance, that, upon one occasion, he actually made a sort of boast, in the House of Commons, that the subject of the *currency* was one, which he confessed he *did not understand*. This was a strange thing to hear from one, who was so anxious to prevent *changes*, no

change being of so much magnitude as a sudden and general change of property from hand to hand, which change is sure to be produced by any great error as to the currency of a country.

But, it will be said, he will now, the necessity having arisen, apply the powers of his mind to these matters. This is not so easy as some people imagine. Those who have long thought upon any subject, and rightly thought, are apt to think that any body else may at once fall into the same train of thinking. This is not the case, even in the closet, much less is it the case, when a man has to bring his thoughts out for public use, and to tender them before a set of no very charitable critics. Besides, Mr. Canning's mind has never appeared to me to be of the cast required in this emergency. There may have been, in his speeches, but I never once observed it, a passage which showed that he understood something of the causes which produce happiness, or misery, in a nation; and, if you attend to the matter, you will find, that the mind, which has a proneness, a constant bias, towards that which savours of *levity*, very rarely dwells, even for a moment, on any thing that demands deep reflection. Watch,

in conversation, the movements of such a mind. Try to engage it in a subject that requires such reflection. Brilliant as it may be, strong as it may be, you will find it turn away, and escape your toils in spite of you. The mind has habits as well as the body, and it is very hard to change either at the age of fifty. Mr. Canning has, in all probability, never, in his whole lifetime, thought that any possible danger could arise from Debt and Taxation. The whole series of his speeches, from the very first to that made the other day at Liverpool, clearly show this; and, at this very moment, when the prices of the produce of the land are lower than those of 1790, my real belief is, that he thinks that the rental can continue to be four times as great as it was in that year! What, then, I think him an idiot? By no means. I think him a very clever man. But, I think, that he *never thought at all* upon this subject; and, I think, further, that the habit of his mind is not easily to be so changed as to enable him to think on it correctly.

If his mind has been playing the tyrant from this study, the minds of others have not. The nation is not, in this respect, what it was in the time of Pitt, Addington and

and Perceval, nor what it was even two years ago. The resolutions of HORNER would be now hissed off the stage along with the doctrines of *Ricardo*. Powers of *arguing* he will find to be worth little, unless his premises be perfectly sound. It is not a people, rendered dunderheaded by the dark and deep nonsense of ADAM SMITH, who, *living on taxes himself*, taught that they tended to *create national wealth*; it is not a people, who can be amused by such an impudent imposture as this; it is a people, feeling most acutely its sufferings, and ascribing them to the right causes, before whom Mr. Canning has now to act his part. Nor must it be forgotten, that, in the House of Commons, which he says *works so well*, there are not wanting some men, and even many men, who now understand those things which he gloried in not understanding. There is ONE in particular; and, if that one should, at last, see, that, to attain the height of his ambition, the *patient* course is the best; if he should, at last, see, that time will give him all he wants, if he can but restrain himself from endeavouring to *outstrip time*; if he should, at last, see this, and if he should wait for the occasion to

attack, rather than seek to create the occasion; if he should, at last, take the course of letting the necessities of others call him forth, rather than that of officiously apprizing them of those necessities; if he should adopt this course, possessing, as he does, an ample store of knowledge and of talent, and free, as he luckily is, from all the entanglements of Bullion Committees and Peel's Bills, Mr. Canning will fall as helpless before him, as a baby that tumbles on the floor from the breaking of its leading-strings.

It is not necessary to question Mr. Canning's powers of debating; not at all necessary to question his generalship in managing the House; not necessary to say that he is not the finest orator in the world. All these are out of the question now. Time was when nothing more was wanted than a speech that would seem to give countenance to the vote of the majority; that would make them not ashamed of saying, AYE, and NO. This is no longer the case. There are now to be discussed questions, closely connected with the actual personal well-being of the Members themselves; questions, in the result of which they are to see whether they are to remain gentlemen or

to become beggars. In such a case, attachment to party, attachment to general political principles, attachments of friendship, become as dust before the wind; and Mr. Canning will find, that, if he attempt to answer complaints by jests, the consequence will be laughter from his enemies and sighs of sorrow from his friends.

I do not know much of what is called the *temper* of Mr. Canning. If I were to judge from his being able to associate with such men as *Sturges Bourne*, *T. P. Courtenay*, and others that I could mention, I should certainly set him down as a very *indulgent* man, at least. But in the House he is apt to be what people call *snappish*. When a hard thing is said to him, he is very apt to repel it by a harder. There was a time for this; but there is a time for all things, and the time for this is past. Castlereagh, for as he was, almost downright idiot as he was, was much fitter for the present state of things than the really accomplished Mr. Canning. Castlereagh could resent; but he took good care against *whom* his resentment was levelled! Now Mr. Canning has too much spirit; too much sense of what is due to himself, to act a part so discreet

as this. He will not affect willing submission to a blockhead, nor will he appear to be wholly insensible to insult and scorn, come they from what quarter they may. This being the case, he will find the part he has to act much more difficult than he imagines; and, long before the first Session be over, he will have good reason to call to his aid a large portion of that *patience*, which he has lately represented as being the only remedy for the landlords.

I believe, that the country in general are looking forward with great expectation, not to what he will do for it; but, to the figure he will make in the discussions relative to what ought to be done. In the whole country, however, there is not a man, who is looking forward to this point with more eagerness than myself. Mr. Canning and I started at nearly the same time. After some blundering on my part I got into what I deemed the right course, which was exactly the opposite of his. The question, whether he was right or I, must now speedily be decided. He has, upon several occasions, shown towards me an uncommon degree of bitterness; and, my conscience tells me, that I am very little in his debt. I am glad to see him where he is;

because, if PITT was the child and champion of this horrible system, Mr. Canning was the child and has been the champion of PITT. I know that the system must die; I know that the happiness and the liberties of the country and the dignity and stability of the throne require its death; and I wish to see it die in his hands. After all his hostility towards me, I am ready to acknowledge the greatness of his talents; I do not impute to him base selfishness or wicked intention of any sort. I impute to him dangerous and destructive error, and from the effect of that error I wish to see the country delivered.

WM. COBBETT.

HORRID PUNISHMENT OF JAMES BYRNE,

*In the City of Dublin, in the
Year 1811.*

*From the "STATESMAN" of
Tuesday.*

My readers have before received some information on this subject; but, as yet, the thing has not been placed before the public

in that full and regular manner that I think it ought to be.

We know, that, in July last, the *Right Reverend Father in God, the Honourable PERCY JOCELYN, Doctor of Divinity, Lord Bishop of Clogher, Commissioner of the Board of Education, a Member of the Society for punishing Vice and Immorality, Brother of the late Earl of Roden, and Uncle of the present Earl of Roden*; we know that this "venerable" person, was, on the 19th of July last, detected with JOHN MOVELLEY, a private soldier of the Foot Guards, in a back room of the White Lion public-house, in the parish of St. James, Westminster, in the *actual commission* of that horrid and unnatural crime, which drew down God's vengeance, and brought destruction by fire and brimstone, on two whole cities, in times of old: we know, that the Father in God and his mate were, amidst the execrations and the peltings of the indignant populace, taken to the Watchhouse with their middle garments hanging about their heels, just in the situation in which those garments were, when the parties were seized by the witnesses, who had bursted open the room door and rushed in upon them: we know, that

after being kept in the Watch-house during the night, they were brought to the Police-office at Marlborough-street, and before a police-justice of the name of *Dyer*, a lawyer of the name of *Alley* attending in behalf of the Father in God, whose attorney was a man named *Wingfield*: we know, that there were *seven witnesses* to the fact: we know that this fact was of a *decided character*: we know, that *Dyer*, upon the representation of *Alley*, admitted the Father in God to bail, himself in *five hundred pounds*, with two sureties in *two hundred and fifty pounds* each: we know, that, some weeks afterwards, the Father in God's *mate* was admitted to bail, himself in *two hundred pounds*, with two sureties in a *hundred pounds* each: we know, that the *New Times* told us, that the Law Officers of the Crown had received orders to prosecute the offenders: we know, that they were *indicted* at the last Middlesex Sessions, and the bill was returned a *true bill*: we know, that they have **NOT BEEN TRIED**: we know that they have **NOT APPEARED**: we know that the Law Officers of the Crown have not brought forward **MOVELLEY**, though he was and is a *soldier* in the Guards,

and though his regiment was and is quartered in London: we know, that the public has had a particular eye upon *this*: we know that **MOVELLEY** must *be with his regiment now*, or must have been *discharged*, or must have *deserted*: we know that there is an *Alien-Act*, which renders it very difficult for *any* man to get out of the country without a passport: we know that, in a recent case, *Corporal George*, when he was to be even a *witness*, was kept in *confinement to the day of trial*; in fine, we know, that there has been **NO TRIAL** either of the *Father in God*, or of his *mate*, both of whom, as was before observed, were detected in the full and complete commission of the horrid act, and were taken to the Watchhouse with their middle garments hanging down about their heels.

Thus far we *know*, and we shall long remember.—But, this affair of the *Father in God* has brought us English people acquainted with a former affair of his, in which the cruelly-punished **JAMES BYRNE** was a party. The facts of this Irish affair are these: that, in the year 1811, the Father in God being then the *Lord Bishop of Ferns*, had **BYRNE** in a parlour (in Dublin) to pay him some mo-

ney; that he began by talking filthy language to him, then put his arm round his neck, and then endeavoured to proceed as with the beastly Movelley: that BYRNE repulsed him with indignation, and left him: that Byrne spoke of the matter: that he was brought before the Lord Mayor of Dublin, under a charge of *libel*: that the Lord Mayor sent him to gaol and would not admit him to bail: that he was brought to trial in October 1811: that the *Father in God* was one of the *witnesses against him*: that the Father in God being shown a paper, containing Byrne's charges, and being asked, whether the contents of that paper were true or false, "*arose, and, in the most impressive and dignified manner, placed his hand upon his breast, and said, FALSE!*" We know, that, the "*counsel*" for poor Byrne *declined to cross-examine* the Father in God, and that they here **GAVE UP THE CASE!** We know, that the counsel for the Father in God (which counsel is now *Chief Justice* in Ireland,) said the Father in God was one of the most *benevolent, most virtuous, most spotless, most pious* of human beings, and that he sprang from a stock that was *nobleness itself*. Lastly,

we know, that the judge, Fox, after reproaching poor BYRNE as a "*horrid and unprincipled villain,*" sentenced him to be *imprisoned for two years, to be publicly whipped three times, and, at the expiration of the two years, to be held to bail, himself in five hundred pounds, with two sureties in two hundred pounds each;* which, as the reader will see, is, within one hundred pounds of being as much as police-justice, DYER, took from the Father in God himself, though he had actually been detected in the horrid act itself, and had been, with his mate, taken to the Watchhouse, the middle garment hanging down about the heels!

So far so good. These facts are all safe in our memory. Nothing can *rub these out*. And, now we come to the *execution* of this sentence; now we come to the *horrid punishment* of poor Byrne.—On the 2d of November 1811, he was taken from the gaol, and, being stripped naked downwards to the waist, his hands were tied with cords to the tail of a *car*, which had been pressed in the street for the purpose. The *hangman*, with a dreadful cat-o'-nine-tails, was ready and stripped to the shirt for the bloody work. The *two Sheriffs* of Dublin, JAMES

and HARTY, were mounted on horseback, and one placed on each side of the hangman. The car began to move from under the gallows near the Dublin gaol of Newgate; and, the sentence being, that the whipping should be from that place to the college, the car was made to move *as slowly as possible!*

The crowds of spectators were immense. The hangman was an athletic fellow, and was made to flog with all his strength, taking time between the strokes to put into each his full force. The whole of the distance which the car had to go was *nearly an English mile and a half!* When about half the distance had been gone over, the *cat*, owing to the terrible violence with which it had been used, broke, or rather, came apart. This *cat* consisted of *nine pieces* of the *largest* and *hardest* whip-cord, about eighteen inches long, each piece, or cord, having *nine knots in it*; and, the cords tied to a stick, or a whip-handle, which was about two feet long. The cords of this terrible instrument had, by the efforts of the flogger, become loosened at the handle, and some of them flew off. The car, therefore, stopped, while the cords were gathered up and re-fastened. And here the

poor sufferer describes his torments as having been excruciating indeed! They were *fifteen minutes* in repairing the *cat*. The day was cold, raw and rather wet. The blood was streaming down under that garment which had been proof against the assaults of the Father in God. The blood was coagulated on the back, which was all a piece of bloody looking flesh from the nape of the neck to the waistband of the garment so often mentioned. Such a sight! Such a horrible sight! Such horrid; such damnable cruelty! And this, oh remember! inflicted on the *oath* of the *Father in God*, who has since been taken to an English Watchhouse, with his middle garment hanging down about his heels!

The tormentors having, with all possible deliberation, repaired their instruments of torture, put the car again in motion, but with, if possible, slower pace than before; and the strokes were renewed with all possible force, as far as the strength of the hangman would go. At last, at the end of upwards of an hour, the car came to the end of the prescribed distance. The poor victim, who had uttered neither cry nor groan, was untied. A car is a *cart without sides*, or *head*, and without *tail*.

board. A mere bed of a cart upon wheels. On this car, his body as raw as a piece of butcher's meat just cut up, and his nether garments all soaked with blood, the victim of the Father in God was thrown, just as they would have flung on a dead pig; and away went the car, jolting over the stones, to the gaol, where the half-flayed carcass was to be lodged for two years!

BYRNE is a *Catholic*: that is to say, he has adhered to the religion of his forefathers. This circumstance, along with that of the prosecuting party being a *Protestant Chief*, called forth, upon this occasion, the spirit of *Orangeism*, which is that of the Spanish Inquisition united to that of *Hounslow-Heath* and that of *Billingsgate*. Upon the whole earth there is not, even amongst the Turks and Algerines, so large a proportion of plundering, unfeeling, bloody and insolent ruffians as the *Orange Faction* gives to unhappy Ireland, the disgrace, the curse, of which they have been for centuries. The true spirit of this faction appeared at the flogging of BYRNE. While the multitude expressed sorrow at his suffering, the bloody *Orangemen* followed him with shouts of approbation of

his tormentors and with execrations on himself. The public, even at that moment, suspected that he was unjustly punished. The Orange ruffians participated, doubtless, in the suspicion; but, it was a *Protestant Chief* whom he had accused, and he himself was a *Catholic*. These circumstances were enough to make them exult at his punishment; and, at the close of the infernal infliction, when they saw him flung on the car, a mass of raw, quivering and bloody flesh, they set up a sort of *laughing shout* like that of the cannibals when they dance round their roasting victims!

But the sufferings of this victim of the Father in God were by no means to end here. He was taken from the car and actually tossed in amongst the thieves, robbers and murderers in the Dublin gaol called Newgate, without, during the two years, being suffered to speak to a friend, or even to his wife, except through the iron bars. Like the robbers and murderers, he had a little yard to be in in the day-time, and a cell in the night-time, where, with some of those villains, he had to lie, three or four on a wretched bedstead, with a little straw and a miserable blanket or two amongst

them. His food was two pounds of bread a-day, water to drink, and nothing more.

While he himself was thus suffering, he had the misery to reflect on the sufferings of his *wife and four small children*, who were reduced to the deepest distress. He was 32 years of age; his wife, who, like himself, was of respectable parents, was about the same age; they had been married about five or six years, and had lived most happily together. Mrs. Byrne had to sell even her wedding ring from her finger to purchase bread for her children. She was a pretty woman; and, in the depth of her misery, a monster in the shape of man, but belonging to a *family* of monsters, went to her, and actually advised her to think no more of Byrne, but to get her living *as other handsome young women did!* Such an answer as such a monster ought to receive from a faithful wife appears only to have added to the vindictiveness and cruelty of this *race* of monsters. Mrs. Byrne and her children were saved from actual starvation by a *tradesman's* widow, named HARRINGTON, who is now dead, but whose name is far more worthy of being remembered than the names of hundreds of those, to whose memory this nation has

been loaded with the expense of erecting monuments.

During the imprisonment of Byrne *one of his children died!* Let the reader, if he be a father, if he have lost a child, think of the anguish of mind that this must have occasioned to Byrne. Such events are sufficiently painful; they require all our strength of mind, even when we are at hand to perform the last sad duties ourselves; when we have the consolation to know that the beloved object has expired loaded with marks of our boundless affection. What, then, must have been the feelings of this father; knowing that his child was expiring, and unable, as he was to get even a glimpse of that child? What, too, must have been the feelings of the *mother!* A child expiring in her arms, an innocent husband shut up amongst robbers and murderers! But, to describe these sufferings is impossible. To *avenge* them is what reason, justice, what every thing good in our nature, call for from every thing bearing the name of man.

Even when the two horrible years were come to an end, there was the *bail* to be given and the *sureties* to be found. Who was to be surety for this miserable man, the victim of a Protestant

Father in God and an object of vengeance with the whole of the implacable, the perfidious, the merciless, the bloody, the tremendously powerful *Orange Faction!* Who, these things considered, were to be his *sureties*? He had to remain, for want of sureties, *sixty-one days* longer in gaol, till, at last, Messrs. EDWARD KENNEDY and GEORGE FAULKNER became his sureties; and, as long as humanity and justice shall remain in esteem amongst men, the names of these excellent men will be held in honour. In giving bail, BYRNE was compelled to declare (I believe on oath) *where he intended to reside*; and, that being in Dublin, he was compelled to declare *what part of Dublin!* At last, after being remanded two days for non-payment of *gaol fees*, and having made an affidavit that he was unable to pay them, he was once more at large, but without a penny upon the face of the earth, with a wife and three children to maintain, and with a vindictive race to oppress him, and with the whole hellish Orange Faction to watch his every movement and to effect his destruction!

"God," to use his own words, "has taken care of him;" and here he is safe amongst English-

men, while the unnatural and perjured mitred monster, who caused his sufferings, avoids public, general, universal infamy, execrations from the lips and mud from the hands of a whole nation, only by assuming false names and skulking from the face of man! But here we shall not stop. Byrne, by resisting the monster, by exposing him, by his constancy under his unparalleled sufferings, has conferred a *lasting benefit on the country*. Great good to us all will arise from the heroic conduct of this humble man; and, who has ever had to say, that we were wanting in humanity, in gratitude, or in justice?—It is *for us* to take care, that Byrne and his family be placed in a way of living with *comfort* by the means of their honest industry; and that they have a *fair start* in the world in that middle course in which they would, in all probability, have long ago moved, had it not been for the virtue which resisted the temptation of the horrible *Honourable* Protestant Father in God, PERCY JOCELYN.

Mr. PARKINS has most laudably and generously undertaken to set a subscription on foot for this purpose. It was, I believe, at

first, intended to give BYRNE a start as a keeper of a *hackney coach or two* in London. He having always been a coachman. We may be well assured, that the money will be safe in Mr. PARKINS's hands; and that it will finally, after due consideration, be applied in the most judicious manner. Something must, in such a case, depend upon the character and manners and habit of the man. If Byrne were the most ignorant and sottish fellow that ever existed, it would become us to do something to preserve him from want. But, he is the contrary of this. — An intelligent, smart, spirited, sober and active little man of singularly advantageous manners and deportment. Indeed, we have, in his history, since his punishment as well as before, the best possible proof of the goodness of his character. JOHN JOCELYN, the Father in God's brother, with whom Byrne lived some time before the trial, gave him the character of being *sober and honest*, a character which he appears always to have borne. After his imprisonment, he was a few months working in a livery-stables. After that he lived two years and a half with a horse-dealer of the name of *Grady*. From him he went to

live with a *Mr. Dickenson*, a Liverpool merchant, who took him from Dublin to England, near Chester, where he lived *two years*. After he quitted the service of this gentleman, he drove *job-horses in Dublin*, until the honest fellows at the White-Lion public-house, in St. Alban's-place, Westminster, caused the news to be sent over, that the Father in God had been detected with the Soldier.

We have here quite sufficient to satisfy us, that Byrne must be not only an *honest* man; but a *trust-worthy* man as to sobriety; care and diligence. So that there is no fears that the humanity and liberality of the public will be exerted in vain. Precisely what *line* it is the intention to give him a start in I do not know. This will depend upon himself in part; for, his choice must have some weight with the benefactors. It is the wish of all the parties concerned to make him and his family *comfortable*, and in *England* by all means. It is for the just and humane people of England to rub the Father in God's marks out of the victim's back; and to make poor Mrs. Byrne feel, that her husband's honesty and spirit have earned something besides poverty and misery for her and her children.

It is proposed, I understand, to give Byrne a public dinner in London on the second of next month; that is, as the readers will remember, on the anniversary of the bloody triumph of the Father in God and the savage and perfidious Orangemen. On the second of November was he, when half flayed alive, flung on a car, like a dead pig, amidst the laughing shouts of the Orangemen. On the second of November, therefore, let us meet to celebrate his triumph, to hold him up on high, in the metropolis of the kingdom.

The particulars relative to this dinner will, I understand, be stated in an advertisement. My

engagements in the country will prevent me from taking an active part in the arrangements; but, no engagements, nothing but absolute bodily inability (which is not likely) shall prevent my making one of the company upon this occasion.

WM. COBBETT.

WE understand that the Dinner alluded to above will take place on the 2d of November, at the HORNS TAVERN, Kennington.— Tickets will shortly be prepared and left for disposal at the Horns Tavern; the White Hart, Saint Alban's Place; the Vernon's Head, and York Minster, North Audley-street, Grosvenor-square; also at the Statesman Office, 297, Strand, and at 183, Fleet-street.

MARKETS.

Average Price of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending Sept. 28.

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.
Wheat.....	40	5
Rye.....	19	4
Barley.....	26	10
Oats.....	18	3
Beans.....	24	4
Pease.....	26	10

At MARK LANE (same week.)

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.
Wheat.....	42	9
Rye.....	27	7
Barley.....	21	1
Oats.....	20	4
Beans.....	26	9
Pease.....	29	4

SMITHFIELD, Monday, Oct. 7.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	2	4	to	3 0
Mutton.....	2	4	—	2 3
Veal.....	3	0	—	4 0
Pork.....	3	0	—	3 8

NEWGATE (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	1	8	to	2 6
Mutton.....	1	8	—	2 2
Veal.....	2	4	—	3 8
Pork.....	1	8	—	3 0
Lamb.....		—		

City, 9th Oct. 1822.

BACON

Goes off more slowly than of late; but there seems no probability of a decline of price, it being already *low* as compared with other articles.—Best, 30s. to 32s.—Middling and heavy, 26s. to 28s.—Dried, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 8d. per stone of 8lbs.

BUTTER.

A comparison of prices between this week and last, will shew that the advance occasioned by the speculation mentioned last week has not been maintained. Some slight attempts have been made to back the operations of the great speculator; but the parties making them have lacked *something* necessary to give effect to their endeavours. “*A burnt child dreads the fire* ;” and in this trade they have all been “*burnt*” at some time or other. A speculation, which, only a few years ago, used to infuse a new spirit into the whole trade, *now* fills every one with forebodings as to the consequences. Butter is now coming in in great quantities; and there is every probability of there being quite enough, even if the speculators hold their stocks over till next season.—Carlow, 80s.—Belfast, 78s.—Waterford, 74s. to 76s.—Dublin, 76s.—Cork, 74s.—Limerick, 72s. to 73s.—Dutch, 92s.

CHEESE

Is getting very heavy and the quantity very great in London, whilst the buyers in some parts of the Country are giving *advanced* prices.—Old Cheshire, 60s. to 74s.; New, 46s. to 50s.—Coloured Derby, 46s. to 50s.; Pale, 44s. to 46s.—Double Gloucester, 46s. to 50s.; Single, 42s. to 46s.; Middling, 36s. to 40s.—Round Dutch, 38s.

**Price of HOPS, per Cwt. in the
BOROUGH.**

Monday, Oct. 7.—Our Market continues steady, and good Hops keep their prices. No alteration in the currency.

New Bags.

	£. s.	£. s.
Kent	2 10	to 3 5
Sussex	2 2	— 2 10
Essex	0 0	— 0 0
Yearling Bags	0 0	— 0 0

New Pockets.

	£. s.	£. s.
Kent	2 10	to 3 10
Sussex	2 5	— 2 16
Essex	0 0	— 0 0
Farnham	0 0	— 0 0
Yearling Pkts.	0 0	— 0 0

Maidstone, Oct. 3.—Our Hop-picking is now generally finished, and we can safely say, as to crop, fully answers every expectation. The Market begins to fill with samples, which are selling at very low prices, and the trade is far from brisk even upon these terms.—Prices, 48s. to 60s. to 75s. per cwt. for pockets; and from 44s. to 60s. to 70s. the best bags.—Duty called 200,000*l.*

Worcester, Sept. 28.—Our Market was abundantly supplied with Hops this day; price, from 40s. to 65s.—2101 pockets of New Hops were weighed, and only three pockets of Old.

Stourport, Sept. 25.—This day 309 pockets were weighed; no variation in price since our last.